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POPULAR TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. I.

A Scamper in the Prairie of Jacinto.

Readers! Were you ever in a Texan prairie? Probably not. I have been; and this was how it happened. When a very young man, I found myself one fine morning possessor of a Texas land-scrip—that is to say, a certificate of the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, in which it was stated, that in consideration of the sum of one thousand dollars, duly paid and delivered by Mr Edward Rivers into the hands of the cashier of the aforesaid company, he, the said Edward Rivers, was become entitled to ten thousand acres of Texan land, to be selected by himself or those he should appoint, under the sole condition of not infringing on the property or rights of the holders of previously given certificates.

Ten thousand acres of the finest land in the world, and under a heaven compared to which our Maryland sky, bright as it is appears dull and foggy! It was a tempting bait—to good a one not to be caught at by many in those times of speculation; and accordingly, our free and enlightened citizen bought and sold their millions of Texas acres just as readily as they did their thousands of towns and villages in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and their tens of thousands of shares in banks and railway. It was a speculative fever, which has since, we may hope been in some degree, cured. At any rate, the remedies applied have been tolerable severe.

I had not escaped the contagion, and, having got the land on paper, I thought I should like to see it in dirty acres; so in company with a friend who had a similar venture, I embarked at Baltimore on board the Catcher schooner, and after a three weeks voyage arrived in Galveston Bay.

The grassy shores of this bay, into which the river Brazos empties itself, rise so little above the surface of the water, to which they bear a strong resemblance in color, that it would be difficult to discover them were it not for three stunted trees growing on the western extremity of a long lizard-shape island that stretches nearly sixty miles across the bay, and conceals the mouth of the river. These trees are the only landmark for the mariner; and, with their exception, not a single object—not a hill, a house, nor so much as a bush, relieves the level sameness of the island and adjacent continent.

After we had with some difficulty, got on the inner side of the island, a pilot come on board and took charge of the vessel. The first thing he did was to run us on a sandbank, off which we got with no small labour, and by the united exertions of sailors and passengers, at length entered the river. In our impatience to land, I and my friend left the schooner in a cockleshell of a boat, which upset in the surge, and we found ourselves floundering in the water. Luckily it was not very deep, and we escaped with a thorough drenching.

When we had scrambled on shore, we gazed about us for some time before we could persuade ourselves that we were actually upon land. It was, without exception, the strangest coast we had ever seen, and there was scarcely a possibility of distinguishing the boundary between earth and water. The green grass grew down to the edge of the green sea, and there was only the streak of white foam left by the latter upon the former to serve as a line of demarcation. Before us was a plain, a hundred or more miles in extent covered with long, fine grass, rolling in waves before each puff of the sea-breeze, with neither tree, nor house, nor hill, to vary the monotony of the surface. Ten or twelve miles toward the north and north-west, we distinguished some dark masses, which we afterward discovered to be groups of trees; but to our eyes they looked exactly like islands in a green sea, and we subsequently learned that they were called islands by the people of the country. It would have been difficult to have given them a more appropriate name, or one better describing their appearance.

Proceeding along the shore, we came to a block house situated behind a small tongue of land projecting into the river, and decorated with the flag of the Mexican republic, waving in all its glory from the roof. At that period, this was the only building of which Galveston harbour could boast. It served as customhouse and as barracks for the garrison, also as the residence of the director of custom, and of the civil and military intendant, as head quarters of the officer commanding, and moreover, as hotel and wine and spirit store. Alongside the board which was depicted a sort of hieroglyphic intended for the Mixican eagle, hung a bottle doing duty as a sign, and the republican banner threw its protecting shadow over an announcement of "Brandy, Whiskay, and Accommodation for man and Beast."

As we approached the house, we saw the whole garrison assembled before the door. It consisted of a dozen dwarfish spindle-shanked Mexican soldiers, none of them so big or half so strong as American boys of fifteen, and whom I would have backed a single Kentucky woodsman, armed with a riding-whip to have driven to the four winds of heaven. Those heroes all sported tremendous beards, whiskers and mustaches, and had a habit of knitting their brows, in the endeavor as we suppose, to look fierce and formidable. They were crowding round a table of rough plank and playing a game of cards, in which they were so deeply engrossed that they took no notice of our approach. Their officer, however, came out of the house to meet us.

Captain Cotton, formerly editor of the *Mexican Gazette*, now civil and Military commandant at Galveston, custom-house director, harbor-master and tavern keeper, and a Yankee to boot, seemed to trouble himself very little about his various dignities and titles. He produced some capital French and Spanish wine, which is to be presumed, he got duty free, and welcomed us to Texas. We were presently joined by some of our fellow passengers, who seemed as bewildered as we had been at the billard-table appearance of the country. Indeed, the place looked so desolate and uninviting, that there was little inducement to remain on *terra firma*; and it was with a feeling of relief that we once more found ourselves on board the schooner.

We took three days to sail up the river Brazos to the town of Brazoria, a distance of thirty miles On the first day nothing but meadow-land was visible on either side of us; but on the second, the monotonous grass-covered surface was variegated by islands of trees, and about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, we passed through a forest of sycamores, and saw several herds of deer and flocks of wild turkeys. At length we reached Brazoria, which, at the time I spoke of, namely, in the year 1832, was an important city—for Texas, that is to say—consisting of upwards of thirty houses, three of which were of brick, three of planks, and the remainder of logs. All the inhabitants were Americans, and the streets arranged in American fashion, in straight line and at right angles. The only objection to the place was, that in the wet season it was all under water; but the Brazorians overlooked this little inconvenience, in consideration of the inexhaustable fruitfulness of the soil. It was the beginning of March when we arrived, and yet there was already an abundance of new potatoes, beans, peas, and artichokes, all of the finest sorts and most delicate flavor.

At Brazoria, my friend and myself had the satisfaction of learning that our land-certificates, for which we had each paid a thousand dollars, were worth exactly nothing—just so much waste paper, in short—unless we chose to conform to a condition to which our worthy friends, the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, had never made the smallest allusion.

It appeared, that in the year 1824, the Mexican Congress, had passed an act for the encouragement of emigration from the United States to Texas. In consequence of this act, an agreement was entered into with contractors, or *empresarios*, as they call them in Mexico, who had bound themselves to bring a certain number of settlers into Texas within a given time, and without any expense to the Mexican government.—On the other hand, the Mexican government had engaged to furnish land to those emigrants at the rate of five square leagues to every hundred families; but to this agreement one condition was, attached and it was, that all settlers should become, Roman Catholics. Failing this, the validity of their claims to the land was not recognized, and they were liable to be turned out any day at the point of the bayonet.

This information threw us into no small perplexity. It was clear that we had been duped, completely bubbled, by the rascally Land Company; that, heretics, the Mexican government would have nothing to say to us; and that unless we chose to become converts to the Romish Church, we might whistle for our acres, and light our pipes with the certificate. Our Yankee friends at Brazoria, however, laughed at our dilemma, and told us that we were only in the same plight as hundreds of our countrymen, who had come to Texas in total ignorance of this condition, but who had not the less taken possession of their land and settled there; that they themselves were among the number, and that, although it was just as likely they would turn negroes as Roman Catholics, they had no idea of being turned out of their houses and plantations; that at any rate, if the Mexicans tried it, they had their rifles with them, and should be apt, they reckoned, to burn powder before they allowed themselves to be kicked off such an almighty fine piece of soil. So, after a while, we began to think, that as we had paid our money and come so far, we might do as others had done before us—occupy our land and wait the course of events. The next day we each bought a horse, or *mustang*, as they call them there, which animal were selling at Brazoria for next to nothing, and rode out into the prairie to look for a convenient spot to settle.

These mustangs are small horses, rarely above fourteen hands high, and are decended from the Spanish breed introduced by the original conquerors of the country. During the three centuries that have elapsed since the conquest of Mexico, they have increased and multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and are to be found in vast droves in the Texan prairies, although they are now beginning to become somewhat scarcer.—They are taken with the *lasso*, concerning which instrument or weapon I will here say a word or two, notwithstanding that it has often been described.

The lasso is usually from twenty to thirty feet long, very flexible, and composed of strips of twisted ox-hide. One end is fastened to the saddle, and the other which forms a running noose, held in the hand of the hunter, who thus equipped, rides out into the prairie. When he discovers a troop of wild horses, he manœuvres to get to the winward of them, and then to approach as near them as possible. If he is an experianced hand, the horses seldom or never escape him, and as soon as he finds himself within twenty or thirty feet of them, he throws the noose with unerring aim over the neck of the one he has selected for his prey. This done he turns his own horse short round, gives him the spur, and gallops away, dragging his unfortunate captive after him, breathless, and with his windpipe so compressed by the noose, that he is unable to make the smallest resistance, and after a few yards, falls headlong to the ground, and lies motionless and almost lifeless, sometimes indeed badly hurt and disabled. From this day forward, the horse which has thus been caught never forgets the lasso; the mere sight of it makes him tremble in every limb; and however wild he may be, it is sufficient to show it to him, or to lay it on his neck to render him as docile as a lamb.

The horse taken, next comes the breaking in, which is affected in a no less brutal manner than his capture. The eyes of the unfortunate animal are covered with a bandage, and a tremendous bit, a pound weight or more, clapped into his mouth; the horse-breaker puts on a pair of spurs six inches long, and with rowels like penknives, and jumping on his back, urges him to his very utmost speed. If the horse tries to rear, or turns restive, one pull, and not a very hard one either the instrument of torture they call a bit is sufficient to tear his mouth to shreds, and cause the blood to flow in streams. I have myself seen horse's teeth broken with these barbarous bits.—The poor beast whinnies and groans with pain and terror; but there is no help for him the spurs are in his flanks, and on he goes full gallop, till he is ready to sink from fatigue and exhaustion. He then has a quarter of an hour's rest allowed him; scarcely does he begin to recover breath, which has been ridden or spurred out of his body when he is again mounted, and has to go through the same violent process as before. If he breaks down during the rude trial, he is either knocked on the head or driven away as useless; but if he holds out he is marked with a hot iron, and left to graze on the prairie. Henceforward there is no particular difficulty in catching him when wanted; the wildness of the horse is completely punished out of him, but for it is substituted the most confirmed vice and malice that it is possible to conceive. These mustangs are unquestionably the most deceitful and spiteful of all the equine race. They seem to be perpetually looking out for an opportunity of playing their master a trick; and, very soon after I got possession of mine, I was nearly paying for him in a way that I had not calculated upon.

We were going to Bolivar, and had to cross the river Brazos. I was the last but one to get into the boat, and was leading my horse carelessly by the bridle. Just as I was about to step in a sudden jerk, and a cry of "mind your beast!" made me jump on one side; and lucky it was that I did so. My mustang had suddenly sprung back, reared up, and thrown himself forward upon me with such force and fury, that as I got out of his way, his fore feet went completely through the bottom of the boat. I never in my life saw an animal in such a paroxysm of rage.—He curled up his lips till his whole range of teeth was visible, his eyes literally shot fire, while the foam flew from his mouth, and he gave a wild screaming neigh that had something quite diabolical in its sound. I was standing perfectly thunderstruck at this scene, when one of the party took a lasso and very quietly laid it over the animal's neck. The effect was really magical. With closed mouth, drooping ears and head low, there stood the mustang, as meek and docile as an old jackass. The change was so sudden and comical, that we all burst out laughing; although, when I came to reflect on the danger I had run, it required all my love of horse to prevent me from shooting the brute upon the spot. Mounted upon this ticklish steed and in company with my friend, I made various excursions to Bolivar, Marion, Columbia, Anahuac, incipient cities, consisting of from five to twenty houses. We also visited numerous plantations and clearings, to the owners of some of which we were known, or had messages of introduction; but either with or without such recommendations, we always found a hearty welcome and hospitable reception, and it was rare that we were allowed to pay for our entertainment.

We arrived one day at a clearing, which lay a few miles off the way from Harrisburg to San Felipe de Austin, and belonged to a Mr. Neal. He had been three years in the country occupying himself with the breeding of cattle, which is unquestionably the most agreeable and profitable occupation that can be followed in Texas. He had between seven and eight hundred head of cattle, and from fifty to sixty horses, all mustangs. His plantation, like nearly all the plantations in Texas at that time, was as yet in a very rough state; and his house, although roomy and comfortable enough inside, was built of unhewn tree-trunks, in the backwoodsman style. It was situated on the border of one of the islands, or groups of trees, and stood between two gigantic sycamours, which sheltered it from the sun and wind. In front, and as far as could be seen, lay the prairie, covered with its waving grass and many colored flowers; behind the dwelling arose the cluster of forest trees in all their primeval majesty, laced and bound together by an infinity of wild vines, which shot their tendrils and cling ing branches hundreds of feet upward to the very top of the trees, embracing and covering the whole island with a green net-work, and converting it into an immense bower of vine leaves, which would have been no unsuitable abode for Bacchus and his train.

These islands are one the most enchanting features of Texas scenery. Of infinite variety and beauty of form, and unrivalled in the growth and magnitude of the trees that compose them, they are to be found of all shapes—circular, parallelograms, hexagons, octagons—some again twisting and winding like dark-green snakes over the brighter surface of the prairie. In no park or artificially laid out grounds, would it be possible to find any thing equalling these natural shrubberies in beauty and symmetry. In the morning and evening especially, when surrounded by a sort of veil of light greyish mist, and with the horizontal beams of the rising or setting sun gleaming through them, they offer pictures which it is impossible to get weary of admiring.

Mr. Neal was a jovial Kentuckian, and he received us with the greatest hospitality, only asking in return all the news we could give him from the States. It is difficult to imagine, without having witnessed it, the feverish eagerness and curiosity with which all intelligence from their native country is sought after and listened to by these dwellers in the desert. Men, women and children crowded around us; and though we had arrived in the afternoon, it was near sunrise before we could escape from the inquiries by which we were overwhelmed, and retire to the beds that had been prepared for us.

I had not slept very long when I was roused by our worthy host. He was going out to catch twenty or thirty oxen, which were wanted for the market at New Orleans. As the kind of chase which took place after these animals is very interesting, and rarely dangerous, we willingly accepted the invitation to accompany him, and having dressed and breakfasted in all haste, got upon our mustangs and rode off into the prairie.

The party was half a dozen strong, consisting of Mr Neal, my friend and myself, and three negroes. What we had to do was to drive the cattle, which were grazing on the prarie in herds of from thirty to fifty head, to the house, and then those which were selected for the market were to be taken with the lasso and sent off to Brazoria.

After riding four or five miles, we came in sight of a drove of splendid animals, standing very high, and of most symetrical form. The horns of these cattle are of unusual length, and, in the distance, have more the appearance of stag's antlers than bull's horns.—We approached the herd first to within a quarter of a mile. They remained quite quiet. We rode round them, and in like manner got in the rear of a second and third drove, and then began to spread out, so as to form a half circle, and drive the cattle toward the house.

Hitherto my mustang had behaved exceedingly well, cantering freely along, not attempting to play any tricks. I had scarcely, however, left the remainder of the party a couple of hundred yards, when the devil by which he was possessed began to wake up. The mustangs belonging to the plantation were grazing some three quarters of a mile off; and no sooner did my beast catch sight of them, than he commenced practicing every species of jump and leap that it is possible for a horse to execute, and many of a nature so extraordinary, that I should have thought no brute that ever went on four legs would have been able to accomplish them. He shied, reared, pranced, leaped forward, backward, and sideways; in short, played such infernal pranks, that, although a practiced rider, I found it no easy matter to keep my seat. I began heartily to regret that I had bro't no lasso with me, which would have tamed him at once, and that, contrary to Mr Neal's advice, I had put on my American bit instead of a Mexican one. Without these auxiliaries all my horsemanship was useless. The brute galloped like a mad creature some five hundred yards, caring nothing for my efforts to stop him; and then, finding himself close to the troop of mustangs, he stopped suddenly short, threw his head between his forelegs, and his hind feet into the air, with such vicious violence, that I was pitched clean out of the saddle. Before I well know where I was, I had the satisfaction of seeing him put his fore feet on the bridle, pull bit and bridoon out of his mouth, and then, with a neigh of exultation, spring into the midst of the herd of mustangs.

I got up out of the long grass in a towering passion. One of the negroes who was nearest to me came galloping to my assistance, and begged me to let the beast run for a while, and that when Anthony, the huntsman, came, he would soon catch him. I was too angry to listen to reason, and I ordered him to get off his horse, and let me mount. The black begged and prayed of me not to ride after the brute; and Mr Neal, who was some distance off, shouted to me, as loud as he could, for heaven's sake to stop—that I did not know what it was to chase a wild horse in a Texan prarie, and that I must not fancy myself in the meadows of Louisiana or Florida. I paid no attention to all this—I was in too great a rage at the trick the beast had played me, and jumping on the the negro's horse, I galloped away like mad.

My rebellious steed was grazing quietly with his companions, and he allowed me to come within a couple of hundred paces of him; but just as I had prepared the lasso, which was fastened to the negro's saddle-bow, he gave a start, and galloped off some distance further. I after him. Again he made a pause, and again I mouthful of grass—then off again or another half mile. This time I had great hopes of catching him, for he let me come within a hundred yards; but, just as I was creeping up to him, away he went, with one of his shrill neighs. When I galloped fast he went faster, when I rode slowly he slackened his pace. At least ten times did he let me approach him within a couple of hundred yards—without for that being a bit nearer getting hold of him. It was certainly high time to desist from such a mad chase, but I never dreamed of doing so; and indeed the longer it lasted, the more obstinate I got. I rode on after the beast, who kept letting me come nearer and nearer, and then darted off again with his loud laughing neigh. It was this infernal neigh that made me so savage—there was something so spiteful and triumphant in it, as though the animal knew he was making a fool of me, and exulting in so doing. At last, however, I got so sick of my horse-hunt that I determined to make a fast trial, and, if that failed, to turn back. The runaway had stopped near one of the islands of trees, and was grazing quite close to its edge. I thought that if I were to creep round to the other side of the island, and then steal across it, through the trees, I should be able to throw the lasso over his head, or, at any rate, to drive him back to the house. This plan I put in execution—rode round the island, then through it, lasso in hand, as softly as if I had been riding over eggs. To my consternation, however, on arriving at the edge of trees, and at the exact spot where, only a few minutes before, I had seen the mustang grazing, no signs of him were to be perceived. I made the circuit of the island, but in vain—the animal had disappeared. With a hearty curse, I put spurs to my horse, and started off to ride back to the plantation.

Neither the plantation, the cattle nor my companions, were visible, it is true; but this gave me no uneasiness. I felt sure that I knew the direction in which I had come, and that the island, I had just left, was one which was visible from the house, while all around me were such numerous tracts of horses, that the possibility of my having lost my way never occurred to me, and I rode on, quite unconcernedly.

After riding for about an hour, however, I began to find the time rather long. I looked at my watch. It was past one o'clock. We had started at nine, and, allowing an hour and a half to have been spent in finding the cattle, I had passed nearly three hours in my wild and unsuccessful hunt. I began to think that I must have got further from the plantation than I had as yet supposed.

It was toward the end of March, the day clear and warm, just like a May-day in the Southern states.—The sun was now shining brightly out, but the early part of the morning had been somewhat foggy; and, as I had only arrived at the plantation the day before, and had passed the whole afternoon and evening indoors. I had no opportunity of getting acquainted with the bearings of the house. This reflection began to make me rather uneasy, particularly when I remembered the entreaties of the negro, and the loud exhortations of Mr Neal addressed to me as I rode away. I said to myself, however, that I could not be more than ten or fifteen miles from the planation, that I should soon come in sight of the herds of cattle, and that then there would be no difficulty in finding my way. But when I had ridden another hour without seeing the smallest sign either of man or beast, I got seriously uneasy.

In my impatience, I abused poor Neal for not sending somebody to find me. His huntsman, I heard say, was gone to Anahuac, and would not be back for two or three days; but he might have sent a couple of his lazy negroes. Or if he had fired a shot or two as a signal. I stopped and listened, in hopes of hearing the crack of a rifle. But the deepest stillness reigned around, scarcely the chirp of a bird was heard—all nature seemed to be taking the siesta. As far as the eye could reach was a waving sea of grass, here and there an island of trees, but not a trace of a human being. At last I thought I had made a discovery.—The nearest clump of trees was undoubtedly the same which I had admired and pointed out to my companions soon after we has left the house. It bore a fantastic resemblance to a snake coiled up and about to dart upon its prey. About six or seven miles from the plantationwe had passed it on our right hand, and if I now kept it upon my left, I could not fail to be going in a proper direction. So said so done. I trotted on most perseveringly toward the point of the horizon where I felt certain the house must lie. One hour passed, then a second, then a third; every now and then I stopped and listened, but nothing was audible, not a shot nor shout. But, although I heard nothing, I saw something which gave me no great pleasure.—In the direction in which we had ridden out, the grass was very abundant and the flowers scarce; whereas the part of the prairie in which I now found myself presented the appearance of a perfect flower garden, with scarcely a square foot of green to be seen. The most varigated carpet of flowers I ever beheld lay unrolled before me; red, yellow, violet, blue, every color, every tint was there; millions of the most magnificent prarie rosies, asters, dahlias, and fifty other kinds of flowers. The finest artificial garden in the world would sink into insignificenc when compared with this parterre of nature's own planting. My horse could scarcely make his way through the wilderness of flowers, and I for a time remained lost in admiration of this scene of extraordinary beauty. The prairie in the distance looked as if clothed with rainbows, that waved to and fro over its surface.

But the difficulties and anxiety of my situation, soon banished all other thoughts, and I rode with a perfect indifference through a scene, that, under other circumstances, would have captivated my entire attention.—All the stories that I had heard of mishaps in these endless prairies, recurred in vivid colouring to my memory, not mere backwoodsman's legends, but facts well authenticated by persons of undoubted veracity, who had warned me before I came to Texas, against venturing without guide or compass into these dangerous wilds. Even men who had been long in the country, were often known to loose themselves, and wander for days and weeks, over these oceans of grass, where no hill or variety of surface offers a landmark to the traveller. In summer and autumn, such a position would have one danger the less, that is, there would be no risk of dying of hunger; for at these seasons the most delicious fruits, grapes, plums, peaches, and others are to be found in abundance. But we were now in early spring, and although I saw numbers of peach and plumb-trees, they were only in blossom. Of game also there was plenty, both fur and feather, but I had no gun, and nothing appeared more probable than that I should die of hunger, although surrounded by food, and in one of the most fruitful countries in the world. This thought flashed suddenly across me, and for a moment my heart sunk within me as I first perceived the real danger of my position.

After a time, however, other ideas came to console me. I had been already four weeks in the country, and had ridden over a large slice of it in every direction, always through prairies, and I had never had any difficulty in finding my way. True, but then I had always had a compass, and been in company. It was this sort of over-confidence and feeling of security, that had made me venture so rashly, and in spite of all warning, in pursuit of the mustang. I had not waited to reflect, that a little more than four weeks was necessary to make one acquainted with the bearings of a district three times as big as New York State. Still I thought it impossible that I should have got so far out of the right track as not to be able to find the house before nightfall, which was now, however, rapidly approaching. Indeed, the first shades of evening, strange as it may seem, gave this persuasion increased strength. Home-bred and gently nurtured as I was, my life before coming to Texas had been by no means one of adventure, and I was so used to sleep with a roof over my head, that when I saw it getting dusk I felt certain that I could not be far from the house. The idea fixed itself so strongly in my mind, that I involuntarily spurred my mustang, and trotted on, peering out trough the fast gathering gloom, in expectation of seeing a light. Several times, I fancied I heard the barking of the dogs, the lowing of the cattle, or the merry laugh of the children.

"Hurrah! there is the house at last—I see the lights in the parlor windows."

I urged my horse on, but when I came near the house, it proved to be an island of trees. What I had taken for candles were fire-flies, that now issued in swarms from out of the darkness of the islands, and spread themselves over the prairie, darting about in every direction, their small blue flames literally lighting up the plain, and making it appear as if I were surrounded by a sea of Bengal fire. It is impossible to conceive anything more bewildering than such a ride as mine on a warm March night, through the interminable, never-varying prairie. Over head the deep blue firmament, with its hosts of bright stars; at my feet, and all around, an ocean of magical light, myriads of fireflies floating upon the soft still air. To me it was like a scene of enchantment—I could distinguish every blade of grass, every flower, each leaf on the trees, but all in a strange, unnatural sort of light, and in altered colors. Tube roses and asters, prairie roses and geraniums, dahlias and vine branches, began to wave and move, to range themselves in ranks and rows. The whole vegetable world around me seemed to dance, as the swarms of living lights passed over it.

Suddenly out of the sea of fire sounded a loud and long-drawn note. I stopped, listened, gazed around me,

LABOR—THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

Doct. Franklin thought if every man would labor four hours in a day, it would be sufficient to supply all reasonable wants of life. Since his day great improvements have been made in *labor saving* machines which, of course, help to lessen the severity of manual labor, and reduce the time necessary to be occupied in it. If there be any truth in this, where is the necessity or propriety of twelve to fourteen hours toil each day, year in and year out, by the mass of the laboring community; is not the toil of husbandmen and mechanics too severe? Is not mental improvement too much neglected in attending to the all time absorbing occupation, work, work? Is there not too great and unnecessary inequality in manual labor—some work not at all—and others consume their whole time, thoughts and lives in incessant toil? These questions cannot be answered but in the affirmative How then shall this evil and wrong be remedied? Who are to be the movers in such a reform? Who but the laborers themselves—the very individuals most deeply interested! "Snatch" is the order of the day—"help yourself" is the motto which signifies the course which people must take if they will not be slaves.

If the severity of labor is ever to be lessened, it is evident that it must be done by the laborers themselves. Non-laborers will not be very forward in bringing about a reform of this kind. They luxuriate on the surplus proceeds of excessive toil, and so long as the menial is willing to work on "from earliest dawn the latest eve," it would not be human nature for them to make a first effort in a reform which might have the effect to bring *their* hands to plough.

This must be gradual reform brought about by laborers themselves and the friends of the laborer who love equality and shrink not from the share in necessary and honorable toil. Laborers must work less hours in the mud and more upon the mind. Take newspapers, purchase books, read, think, inform themselves upon all subjects, investigate all, and, being qualified, take *into their own hands* the management of *all*. Until this reform shall have progressed the burthens of goverment will assuredly fall most heavily upon the laborer—the pickpocket system of indirect taxation will relieve him of the profits of his labor in a most dexterous manner, and perhaps even without his ever knowing it.

Movements are becoming common in various parts of our country which are known under the name of "strikes." Some of these strikes are to obtain higher wages and some are to work less hours in a day. The fact of these combinations taking place and increasing so as have become common occurrences, proves that the evils of too much work and too little pay do exist, and we can hardly find fault with the use of the most ready means to obtain a remedy.

None of the strikes of which we have heard, where a reduction of the hours of labor was the object, have been for the less number than ten hours actual labor in a day. Now is that an unreasonably short time to labor in a day! Is it not as many hours as should be daily occupied in severe toil by man or caven by breast! We believe it is. And we do not want any man who may work for us to do more than that number of hours of merely manual labor *every day*. But one thing we do want of him and that in that when he is at work or pretends to be, he should work well. It always pains us to see a lazy man work—to see how hard work he makes of it. During the hours of work we like to see him enter into it mind and might as though it was not beneath his dignity or opposed to his inclination. That is the way to make labor both easy and pleasant.—*Cheshire Republican and Farmer.*

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.'

[The New York Miaror contains an essay on the manners and customs fifty years since, which is full of admonition to the present generation—Fifty years, make a great change, not only in the condition of an individual, but in the habits and principles of society. We make an extract for the benifit of our readers, male and female. The writer says:]

"When Washington was president, his wife knit stockings, and the mother made dougonuts between Christmas and New Year; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts besides they don't know how, so they even send to Madam Pompadour, or some other French cake baker, and buy sponge cake for three dollars a pound. In those days, New York was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splended misery, then there were no grey-headed spinsters, (useless they were ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar; and begin housekeeping for twenty, and in washing his clothes and in cooking his viteuals, the wife saved more money than it took to support her. Now I have known a minister get five hundred dollars for bucking a couple, then wine, cake, and et ceteras, five hundred more—wedding clothes and jewels a thousand—six or seven in driving to the springs or some deserted mountain, then the house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at the expense of two or three thousand—and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumplin. Then the cook must be got for ten dollars per month—a chamber-maid, a laudress and seamstress at seven dollors each, and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme, and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlor, the servents are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting a candle at both ends it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door and drives love out of the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of *blessedness*; hence you find more deaths than marriages."

DYING RICH.—The following lines, from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:

An active buisness man is a rational man, and a blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talants which God has given him, which, of itself, is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hand of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational end of active buisness pursuits and wealth-getting—the gratification of the active powers, and promotion of industry. But the desire of growing rich, merely to die rich, is one of the most foolish intentions that ever entered the heart of foolish mad. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to the heirs is, eight times out of ten, not a blessing, but a curse. Its expectation beguiles the soul—spoils all the manly powers. Its posession leads to misjudgment, excess, and finally, exhaustion and ruin. The time will come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—and thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving—that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of "dying rich," with the almost certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or later, will die poor.

FARMER AND ARTIST.

"Of what use is all your studying and your books?" said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist. "They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month, than you can do with all your books and papers in one year."

"What plough does your son use?" said the artist, quietly.

"Why, he uses——'s plough, to be shure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labor, and raise full three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern.

The artist turned over one of his sheets and showed the farmer the drawing of his praised plough, saying with a smile, "I am the inventor of your favorite plough, and my name is——."

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farm-house and make it his home as long as he liked.

SCENE IN COURT.—A certain lawyer in one of the Western States had a dog that was a great favorite, and was in the habit of attending court with him. One day the dog took into his head to ascend the bench, and annoyed the judge, very much, by running between his legs. The judge, in great rage, gave him a violent kick that sent him yelping across the court-house. The lawyer, much incensed at the unceremonious manner in which his favorite was treated, called o him—

"Pomp, come here? There take that," said he, giving him another kick; "did I not always tell you to keep out of bad company?"

EXPRESSIVE.—Emphasis is known to be of great consequence in a public speaker. Gesture is sometimes equally impressive An anecdote is related of an English clergyman who was tormented with a termagant wife. By and by, she paid "the debt of nature." Her husband personally officiated at the funeral. His speech was devoted in part to the "thousand ills which flesh is heir to," and was concluded by a Scriptural quotation Extending his right hand towards the grave, he said—"There the wicked cease from troubling"—and then placing the same hand on his heart, he added—"and the weary are at rest."

PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL FOOD.

In the proceedings of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, we find the following suggestions by Dr. Stenhouse for the preservation of butcher-meat and fish, by the application of the vapour of creosote:—Creosote, so named for its great antiseptic power, which exceeds, perhaps, that of any other substance, has been long employed to preserve animal matters from decay. The only two ways in which creosote is usually applied for this purpose, consist either in exposing the meat which we wish to preserve to the smoke of burning wood, of which creosote is the effective constituent, or else in immersing it for a short time in water containing a few drops of creosote. Articles of food prepared by either of these methods may, as is well known, be kept for a long time without spoiling; but both these modes of using the creosote are attended with the inconvenience, that the food necessarily requires the taste and smell peculiar to smoked meat, which is by no means agreeable to every one. By the method now proposed, this inconvenience is entirely avoided.

During the summer of 1842, which was so unusually hot, in common with most persons, I experienced considerable difficulty in preserving fresh meat even for a few days. It struck me at length, however, that the vapours of creosote might be found useful for this purpose, and the method adopted was the following simple one: I placed a plate containing a little creosote immediately under each peice of meat as it hung in the larder, and covered both over with a cloth. The creosote soon gave off vapours which formed an antiseptic atmosphere around the meat, and kept it quite fresh three or four days longer than it would otherwise have been. If the plate is gently heated before the creosote is put into it, the vapours rise sooner; and if the additional precaution is also taken of suspending the meat in a wooden box or earthen jar, which can be closed with a lid, the beneficail effect is still more discernible. I have tried this process during the greater part of the summer with invariable succes, and a butcher, who has also tried it on a larger scale in his stall, was equally convinced of its efficacy. The meat, when cooked, has not the slightest taste or smell of creosote. There is also another advantage attending the use of creosote. Its smell is so disagreeable to flies, that it effectually frees a ladder from the presence of these noxious insects. The same quantity of creosote may be used for several weeks, but on being long exposed to the air it loses most of its smell, and is partly changed into a species of rosin.

Cheap! Cheaper!! Cheapest!!!
AND NO MISTAKE.

THE subscriber informs all who are in want of Tailoring, that they can have work done at his Shop in as good style as at any other Shop in New England. He feels confident that, from his long experience and constant application to business, he can give entire satisfaction to the most fastedious.

He would also tender his thanks to the people of Paris and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore extended him, and hopes for a continuance.

☞FASHIONS received Quarterly from New York and Boston.

N. B. All garments warranted to fit. Cutting done at short notice. Gentlemen please give me a call before you go further.

WM. HEATH, Tailor.

South Paris, *May* 16, 1844. tf3

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—CANTON.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land, and other real estate, in the town of Canton, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the town of Canton, and certified lists of such as remain unpaid for the years 1842 and 1843 have been returned to me by the Collectors of said town for the purpose of advertising, viz.—

Non-Resident Proprietors, 1842.

Names.	No. of Lot.	No. of Range	No. of Acres.	Value. $	Tax. $	Tax. cts.	Unpaid.
Peleg Mitchell,	26	3	40	350	3	06	

Non-Resident Proprietors, 1843.

Peleg Mitchell,	26	3	30	350	4	62
Leavitt Lathrop,	S & 9	13	280	250	3	30
Joel Freland Farm, or unknown,			100	400	5	12
Ruse Delano, or unknown,			16	40		53

GIDEON ELLIS, Treasurer of Canton.

Canton, May 29th, 1844. 3w4

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—MEXICO.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of land and other real estate in the town of Mexico, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes assessed on the real estate in said town for the year 1842, and which remain unpaid, have been returned to the subscriber by James M. Dolloff, Collector of said town for the year 1842, and the sums which remain unpaid are contained in the following schedule, viz:—

Names.	No. of Lot.	No. of Range	No. of Acres.	Value. $	Tax. $	Tax. cts
Unk. orchard near A. Luffkins,	15	1	19	100		95
Thomas J. White	4	2	5	300	2	85
Do.	4	3	50	150		86
Adam Hutchardson, west part	10	4	37	30		29
Do. west part	9	4	40	30		29
Joseph Jacobs, north part.	18	5	50	150	1	14
Luther Stockwell, south end,	3	1	50	200	1	96
Do. north end,	14	1	50	75		73
Do. is land north Tenney farm,	5	1	50	40		38
Do.			10	10		10
Russel Stockwell,	10	1	100	250	2	37
Trask and Barnard,	11	6	50	225	2	14
John N. Thompson, S E corner	17	5	20	50		47
S. Morrill, middle part,	4	1	40	50		48
B. Morrill, north end,	11	4	90	50		48
Isaac Park,	5	4	45	100		95
Winthrop Lovejoy,	8	5	100	75		72
Silas Barnard & Co.	8	6	100	100		95
Do.	10	6	100	50		48
S. B. Taylor,	16	6	100	100		95
Isaac Park,	19	8	100	200	1	90
Unknown, east side,	10	8	50	30		29
do	12	6	100	250	2	38
Austin & Griffith	1	1	2	150	1	43
Reuben Walton,	19	7	100	250	2	37

BENJAMIN STORER, Treasurer of Mexico.

Mexico, June 10, 1844. *6

BOOK STORE,

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has taken the Store recently occupied by HENRY HOWE, nearly opposite the Stage House, where he keeps constantly on hand a prime assortment of

Books & Stationery,

a small assortment of GROCERIES, and various other articles usually kept in such an establishment, among which are nearly all the

SCHOOL BOOKS

that are now used in our common Schools, a good assortment of

Bibles & Hymn Books,

a variety of RELIGIOUS, HISTORICAL and MISCELLANEOUS WORKS—Toy Books and Stories for children, and nearly all kinds of

BLANKS.

All of which will be sold very cheap for CASH, Country Produce, or CLEAN paper rags.

BENJ. WALTON.

Paris Hill, May, 1844. tf3

Valuable Farm for sale.

That well known farm in Paris, called the Dr. Stevens farm, situated between Paris Hill and South Paris, one mile from the County buildings. Said farm contains 140 acres, and is under good improvement, cuts about 30 tons of first quality hay, has a good wood lot of old growth, and two wells of excellent water. A large one story house, two barns, and other outhouses all in good repair, three orchards, the fruit of which has been long and favorably known in the market. A good proportion of the trees are winter fruit. The situation of the place unsurpassed by any in town.

For terms enquire of William Hyde, Portland, or of the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN E HYDE.

Paris June 6, 1844. 5

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANTON MILLS, Me.

WRIGHT'S
☞INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS☜

The true character of Counterfeiters and sellers of counterfeit Medicines.

NO medicine has ever been introduced to the American public, whose virtues have been more cheerfully and universally acknowledged by its vast popularity and extensive circulation than 'Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.' To descant upon their various virtues at this late season would be a work of supererogation, since few who peruse this article will be found unacquainted with the widely circulated proofs of the real excellence of the medicine, to which many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own experience. But if further proof were needed of the value of the remedy, it might be found in the fact that no medicine in the market has been so shamelessly and repeatedly counterfeited. Ignorant, envious, avaricious, and unprincipled men, have in different places, manufactured a spurious pill, bearing a superficial resemblance to the true article, but composed either impotent or deleterious ingredients, which they have sought to foist upon the public as the veritable

'INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.'

These fraudulent swindlers could never pass off their vile wares upon the public but for the connivance and assistance of (self-styled) respectable druggists, who, for the sake of a little filthy lucre 'lend themselves to this monstrous and unallowed system of imposition. The counterfeiter of a popular medicine is more criminal than a counterfeitor of current money. The injuries done by the latter reek, amk to nothing in comparison with those inflicted upon society by the former. We might stand him wringing the mite from the hard hand of infirm penury which is extended for the boon of health, and receives instead, the vile drug that protracts and aggravates disease, or to view it in its best aspect, suffers it to rage unchecked.—How melancholly is the reflection that thousands may have been hurried to the grave by having a counterfeit substituted for the true medicine, who, but for the venal fraud, might now be living in high health, the delight and hope of the social circle.—All classes are interested in putting down these vile counterfeiters.

Let the Stores where they are sold be marked and shunned!

And let the virtuous indignation of the community administer to all concerned in these unfair practices a general and withering rebuke.

CAUTION:

The public will please observe that the genuine medicine has the following wording on the sides of the boxes:

'WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL.'

—Indian Purgative—

Of the North American College of Health.

And also around the border of a label will be found in small type, 'Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1840, by WILLIAM WRIGHT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.'

It will be further observed that the printed direction for using the medicine, which accompanies each box, are also entered according to Act of Congress; and the same form will be found at the bottom of the first page.

The slightest attention to the above few particulars will serve to protect the purchaser from fraud, and save the lives of those who may otherwise be endangered by using a counterfeit medicine.

The public will also remember that all those who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills are provided with a certificate of Agency, signed by

William Wright, Vice President

Of the American College of Health,

and that pedlers are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine article. All travelling Agents will be provided with a certificate of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base imposters.

The regularly appointed Agents can receive their supplies of the above popular pills, as heretofore, from the only Office and General Depot for the New England States.

198 TREMONT STREET, **198**

BOSTON.

Principal Office, and General Depot, 169, Race st. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞All letters relative to the Pills must be addressed thus—*N. E. Office N. A. College of Health*, 198 Tremont St. Boston, Mass."

Beware of the Infected District, in Ann Street, Boston.

N. B. Buy of none except the following regularly appointed Agents:

AGENTS.

Oxford County.

Andover, Lewis Crockett.
Albany, Thomas Jameson.
Bethel, Kimball & Crocker.
Bethel E., E. M. Canes & Co
Bethel, Walker's Mills, Erastus Hibbard.
Brownfield, Daniel Tyler.
Buckfield, E. & L. Atwood
Canton Mills, J. M. Deshon.
Canton, Holland & Austin.
Dixfield, Charles L. Eustis.
Dixfield E., H. J. Dakin.
Fryeburg, H. C. Burwell.
Fryeburg N. D. W. O'Brion & Co.
Greenwood, Joseph Stevens.
Hartford, Winslow Hall.
Hiram, Alpheus Spring.
Livermore, Strickland & Morrison.
Livermore N. J. Coolidge.
Livermore (Haine's Corner) Samuel R. Nelson.
Lovell, James Walker.
Mexico, James L. Dolloff.
Norway, Wm. B. Goodnow
Norway N. Jonathan Swift.
Oxford, Craigie's Mills, Charles Dorell.
Oxford, Welchville, Brown & Cox.
Paris, Thomas Crocker.
Paris N. Alanson Briggs.
Paris S. O. H. Paine.
Porter, John Higgins.
Rumford Point, J. H. Wardwell.
Rumford Centre, J. Graham.
Rumford Falls, A. Bolster.
Sumner, Jeremiah Howe.
Sumner N. L. & R. Crocker.
Turner, J. Blake & Son.
Turner Centre, Mitchell & Bradford.
Waterford, Chaplin Nelson

N. B. Remember THOMAS CROCKER is the only regular authorised Agent for the sale of the above invaluable medicine in this Village, and do not purchase elsewhere, if you would be sure of obtaining the GENUINE MEDICINE.

A fresh supply just received by the Agents in this County from the New-England Office of the N. A. College of Health, No. 198 Tremont-street, Boston, Mass. ep6y34—Dec. 26.

DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES,

CONSISTING OF

Vegetable Billious Bitters,
Vegetable Billious Pills,
Jaundice Mixture,
Hermorrhoidal, or Pile Powders,
Compound Strengthening Plaster,
Ointment for the cure of Cuntaneous Eruptions, and Cough Mixture.

THESE Medicines are purely Vegetable, and extensively used in various parts of the United States, the British Provinces and the West Indies.

They are particularly intended for the removal of Chronic diseases, such as habitual or periodical head ache, Catarrh, Consumption of the lungs—various affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, urinary vessels, glands, &c. Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, and some of the preparations, viz: the Billious Bitters, Pills, Jaundice Mixture, and anti-acid preparations—when generally used will operate by opening obstructions, removing all morbid and offensive matter from the stomach and bowels, which he has reason to think is always their effect in all cases within the control of medicine. They operate as preventives in various Epidemical diseases, such as Intermittent, Inflamatory, Billious and common Typus fevers, Inflamations of the Lungs, Bowels, Pleura, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, &c. Also, as preventives to some contagious diseases, such as the Yellow, Scarlet and Putrid fevers, and although there are some contagious diseases which they are not capable, such as small pox, measles, hooping cough, &c., yet he, from many years experience, has become confident, that all who contract any of these diseases, while under the influence of these medicines, taken in moderate as to keep up and maintain a healthy action in the secretory and excretory vessels of the digestive organs, are but slightly effected, and are easily managed, whereas, on the contrary, doubtless in many cases, they would prove not only distressing, but uncomfortable and dangerous.

For a more full and particular description of disease, and the medicine to be applied, I beg leave to refer you to my circular in pamphlet form, which may be found wherever the medicines are for sale, and to the remarks accompanying them

Agents—Oxford County.

HUBBARD & MARBLE, Paris Hill; A. Briggs, North Paris; J. Crockett, Norway Village; J. Wilson, Oxford; Wm. Walker, Peru; Brock & Co., C. P. Bridgham, Buckfield; Wm. B. Bray, S. B. Holt, N. Turner; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Brickett, Woodstock; Bretton & Washburn, Livermore; J. H. Wardwell, J. Graham, Rumford; C. S. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Dolloff, Mexico; L. S. Bompas, Hebron; J. Parsons, C. H. Crafts, Minot; C. S. Packard, Auburn; C. Howe, Sumner.—[April 11, 1843. ep6y49

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid to any Physician who will produce a better Compound for Family use than the

GENUINE DUTCH OR
GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

STYLED

THE LION OF THE DAY.

☞TO the inhabitants of the United States and the Canadas—The Pills, well called the Lion of the Day, are respectfully recommended to the attention and trial of all those subject to the attacks of *Billous, Dyspeptic*, and other Chronic diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. These Pills have long been without a successful rival in Germany, and throughout Europe, and many years in various parts of the United States, by the most eminent Physicians, as a Famile Medicine.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the Vegetable kingdom. They are warranted safe in their operation and effects. They are simple in their preparation, mild in their effects, and unrivalled in their results. They have long received the most flattering recommendation from the Medical Faculty; such men as Dr. Mott, and Dr Guernsey, of N. York; Dr Delamater, Dr Hossack, and Dr Landon, of Dutchess county; and Hon. B. Peck, M. D., of Glen Falls—these men have long stood at the head of their profession.

Again: gastic irritation debilitates the digestive organs and becomes a fruitful source of diseases: in some people *Dyspepsia*, in others, *Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Hypochondria, Asthma, Gout, Piles, Epilepsy, Low Spirits, Chronic Diarrhœa, Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Eruption of the Skin, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Yellow and Billious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Heartburn, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Humors, and all Billious complaints.* These different complaints are each, one and about the same, followed by a train of others, equally as detrimental, and perhaps fatal to human life. Like bad legislation, one bad law must be supported by others equally as injurious to the prosperity of the State. A perfectly healthy body is like a well toned instrument, every string of which vibrates in unison, and the least injury to any one throws it into disorder.

These Pills are not intended as a thorough purgative, as some will have it; they are intended to strengthen the system that has run down, and regulate the whole human structure, and remove all obstruction and assist nature in its violated laws.

For sale in almost every town in the United States and the Canadas. Price 25 cts. Directions on each box.

Be sure when you purchase that you get the Lion of the Day, having the written name of Merritt Griffin on each box

For full particulars, see small circulars operated with each agent below mentioned.

AGENTS IN OXFORD COUNTY.

South Waterford, A. Houghton.
Lovell, Weeks & Kimball, and J. Walker.
Fryeburg, H. C. Burwell.
Brownfield, N. C. Rice.
Hiram, S. Flye.
Woodstock, J. Bicknell.
North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee.
South Paris, O. H. Paine.
Norway, W. E. Goodnow.
Oxford, Wm. F. Welch.
Canton Point, J. Hearsey.
Canton Mills, A. Barrows.
Dixfield, C. L. Eustis.
Mexico, J. M. Dolloff.
East Rumford, A. Bolster.
Rumford, A. K. Knapp. O. C. Bolster.
East Bethel, E. M. Carter, & Co.
Hartford, W. Hall.
Jacksonville, C. Howe.
Porter, E. Blose, Jr.
Sweden, B. Nevers.

And for sale in this place by Hubbard & Marble.

1y29 C. C. CORLISS, Travelling Agent.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

OXFORD, SS.—Whereas CYRUS INGALLS, Jr. of Denmark, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, by his deed bearing date May 28th, A. D. 1839, and recorded in the District Registry at Fryeburg in said County of Oxford, Vol. 14, pages 535 and 536, (reference being hereby had thereto) conveyed in fee and in mortgage to Cyrus Ingalls, of said Denmark, Esquire, then living but since deceased, "a certain farm or parcel of land situated in said Denmark near the centre of said town, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a white pine stump being the corner of land said James and Joshua B. Osgood, thence Northerly by said Osgood land about thirty rods to a stake and stones, thence Easterly by Osgoods about forty rods to a stake and stones; thence North ten rods, thence East forty rods to stake and stones in Grangers brook, thence South ten rods to a stake and stones, thence by said brook Southerly till it comes to Richard Paines land, thence by the West side of Paines land about thirty rods to the County road leading from Fryeburg to Bridgton, thence by said County road Westerly about ninety rods to the first bound, containing twenty-five acres be the same more or less. Also one other parcel bounded as follows, viz Beginning at a stake and stones which is the Northwest corner of land Elisha Newcomb bought of Asa McKusick and run Southerly by said McKusick farm about ninety rods to stake and stones, being Wm. Davis North East corner, thence by said Davis land Westerly about ninety rods to Granger's brook, being Davis' North West corner, thence by said brook Northerly about ninety rods till it comes even with the South East corner of land Samuel Gibson owns, the nee West about seven rods to said corner, thence by said Gibson a line forty rods to the County road above mentioned, thence Easterly by said County road ninety rods to the first mentioned bound containing fifty acres be the same more or less," and being the same land previously conveyed by the said Cyrus Ingalls to the said Cyrus Ingalls, Jr. And whereas the said mortgage was given to secure the payment of certain sums by the said Cyrus Ingalls, Jr., and also to secure the performance by the said Cyrus, Jr. of certain things in said mortgage deed by the said Cyrus, Jr. stipulated and covenanted to be done and performed; and whereas the said sums have not been paid, nor the said covenants and agreements performed by the said Cyrus, Jr. and the conditions of said mortgage have been and remain broken, therefore, I, Leonard K Ingalls, Administrator of the goods and estate of the said Cyrus Ingalls, deceased, claim to foreclose said mortgage, and hereby give public notice of my intention so to do, agreeably to the provisions of the Statute in such case made and provided.

LEONARD K. INGALLS, } Administrator of the Estate of Cyrus Ingalls, deceased.

April 29, 1844. 3w3

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attached on the original Writ, and will be sold at public Vendue, at the Store of Hall & Adams, South Paris, on Saturday, the sixth day of June next, at two o'clock P. M., all the right which Charles F. Kittredge has in equity to redeem the House and Stand now occupied by him, being the same which he purchased of John Deering, Oct. 9, 1840. The premises were mortgaged Feb. 10, 1843, to Geo. Vinton, to secure the payment of $151,15 in three months, and $193,87 in four months then next, and interest.

Also all the interest which said Kittredge has in and to three Shares in the South Paris Manufacturing Company. Said shares are pledged for certain liabilities further particulars of which and terms of sale will be made known at the time and place of sale.

SAMUEL P. RAWSON, Dept Sh'ff

Paris, June 1, 1844 4

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from	50 cts to	$1,00.
do Tin Foil,	25	50.
Cleaning set of Teeth,	50	1,00
Setting Pivot Teeth,	$1,00	1,50, & 2,00

Work warranted.—March 28. tf 47

Blanks for Town Orders
FOR SALE HERE.